



The Sorting



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Chapter 1 by Abigail Holland

I didn't sleep last night

I was too anxious. Too apprehensive. Too worried.

I wear my grey dress and grey shoes. Just like every other 16 year old girl today. The boys have their grey dress shirt and dress pants. We're all expected to wear this color to the sorting ceremony.

My hair has never looked so pretty. My mom has been doing it for the past hour. My face, caked in makeup. I don't even look like myself anymore. I hate it.

I take a look at my parents. Also dressed for the occasion: however, they are wearing light blue everything. My older sister and older brother are getting ready in their rooms, wearing the light blue to match my parents.

My 3 year old sister is wearing white, for she hasn't been sorted yet. During the ceremony she will be with the other young children, or anybody 15 and under.

Chapter 2 by K

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We all stood on the stage in my class. It was here we would tell our fates, which path we would take in life. The professor would be telling us about the different paths we could take. I never did understand that.

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Light blue was the color all my family wore, the color of hope. It was those who lived out normal lives, destined to raise more children. Other castes would, occasionally, but it was rare.

I stood at the end of the line, watching. Most were given normal fates, sorted in to the light blue. One girl stepped forward and I saw the glimpse of her fate, standing before a podium. Red for her, the color of passion and bravery, who on her own would change the world. She beamed.

Of the hundred some children, only six before me were chosen for anything but light blue. One red, three green - the color of life and those sent to nurture the plants that the community thrived on, and two dark blue, the color of honor, someone who served in the military.

No golds for those who gained wealth, or pinks for those who would be artists and poets and creators. Pinks were odd ones, most coming from pink districts. Golds were rare.

I stepped forward, ready to receive my fate. Above me, they watched the scene over playing my head. I was hoping for Red, or Gold, or Green, but I knew that I'd be in light blue. Most were light blue, after all.

Instead there was a gasp of shock, and the stone before me, the stone of fate, shone a color I had never seen before.

It shone purple.

Chapter 3 by Brandy



The room was silent for a few seconds which felt like an eternity. Then it erupted into a cacophony of sound. Every person whispering to those near them. The consensus seemed to be that no one had seen purple in their lifetimes.

On the playground and in the dark around campfires, children often whispered about the rumored purple. Would the chosen one be the next ruler? Were they destined to explore or be an ambassador to other communities? Would they be a trend setter or example to all?

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After handing me the robe, the Choice-Maker walked to the center of the platform. He turned towards those in attendance. The Choice-Maker spoke in a clear voice for all to hear, "We have a purple." He pointed to me. I stood frozen, my new garments clutched to my chest. What did it mean?

He said, "Purple, the color of sacrifice."

The assembled crowd was silent, waiting with bated breath.

"Your fate," he said in his low voice, "is to be sacrificed to the volcano, in order to obtain another generation of peace and prosperity."

The crowd cheered.

I did not.

Chapter 4 by adshah



How was it possible! Purple. Purple! I was nothing but a light blue. Volcano! Would I willingly give myself to a volcano? To bring peace and prosperity that I wouldn't be able to enjoy?

My heart started beating faster than ever. Never had I ever experienced such panic in my life. My whole life collapsed in front of me. I was supposed to grow up. I was supposed to start my new life after this day. I was supposed to see my daughter standing at this very place and be sorted. One by one, my dreams started shaking and tears welled up in my eyes.

I turned my face to look at my parents. My mother was crying. She was looking at me and the tears were falling from her eyes. What would she do, if I sacrificed myself? What would my sister do? What would my brother do?

I looked at my father. My father was looking at me with an impassive gaze. At first glance, I didn't understand what was going on. Why was he not crying? Did he not have even the slightest affection for me? But then I realized that he was trying to tell me something.

The cheering of the crowd died. I was looking eagedly.

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"My daughter, you do not have a choice. You must embrace your destiny and you shall be immortal. Come forward and your name shall reverberate through this

walls as the bravest person to have ever lived."

I was scared. I turned to look at my father. Ever so slowly, he raised his gaze and concentrated it in front of me at the stone. What was he trying to say? Should I take the stone and run? Should I surrender? Or should I just kill myself by an easy mean as to save myself from the heat of the volcano and the terrible fate?

And in a flash, I realized it. I was purple. No one had ever seen purple before. I was not only different. I was the only one who had ever been. To give myself away like that would be to waste a life. And I wasn't going to do it. I smiled and looked at my father. He seemed to have understood everything. He nodded.

I took the stone and ran. The sudden decision resulted in a chaos. The choice maker shot something to stop me. The crowd went berserk. In the commotion, someone grabbed my hand and the next thing I knew was the cold hard floor and dim lights around me.

"I am so glad that you didn't believe in them." A very familiar voice echoed, "Come, we have some work to do."

Chapter 5 by R



I hadn't been close friends with any of my peers, and none of them were friends either. We all had that hope we'd never see each other again, so close friendships waited until after the sorting.

Still, I would recognize a classmate when I saw them.

Amaryllis Kane stood before me dressed in tight black. She tightened the strange device on her wrist that had transported us to wherever we were now, and looked me in the eye.

"What are you waiting around for?" She asked me, jerking her head towards the side. "We need to get out of here. I'm pretty sure they were serious about the whole sacrificing you to the

volcano pit.

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"Uh, yeah," I mumbled, following her. "What are the passages?" "Where are we?"
"Underneath the city?"

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"No duh, prophecy girl." Amaryllis muttered. "You took the stone, and they'll be looking for you. Hell, my group would be looking for you. You can't tell anyone that you took it."

I stared at her. We had been in the same class, and she was always a delinquent, but I hadn't pictured her as a, as a rebel against the city. I didn't even think of myself as a rebel, though now .

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"What would your group do to me if they found I had the stone?" I asked, following her deeper in to the caves. My father had wanted me to take it, and it was obvious that the stone was powerful. I just didn't know what it could do.

"The stone sees the future, dumbskull." Amaryllis told me. "What would you think they'd do for it? Ask nicely? They'll take it from you if they know you have it. The Choice-Makers are going to be keeping it secret that you got away with the stone to prevent mass panic."

"Why are you helping me, then?" I asked, stopping in my tracks. I didn't even know her that well. We shared a few classes together.

"There are other ways to see the future, moron." She said with a sigh. "Hurry up. The rebellion base is close, but they'll want to vet you. Even if you are the purple."

"You know what the purple means? Beyond sacrifice?" I asked, but Amaryllis gave me no response. I sighed and followed her down further in to the tunnels. Maybe the rebel camp would give me the answers I sought.

Chapter 6 by Adisoccer1223



As we hurried deeper and deeper into the caves, my mind continued to race with every step I took? Why me? I wondered. What does purple truly mean, anyway? As I raced along, next to Amaryllis, I wondered of my fate. Am I to die? Will the Choice-Makers find me? Will the rebel camp be able to supply me with the answers I sought?

"Where is this place, anyway?" I asked Amaryllis as we headed deeper still into the darkening abyss.

"If I could tell you, I would," she said, her voice holding the first hint of sympathy that I had heard from her all day. "No."

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Finally, just when I thought that my feet could propel me no longer, we arrived in the home of the retaliation, a place of such beauty, fear, and complexity that my brain couldn't even begin to comprehend. And it had a certain smell to it-- how to describe it?

It was the smell of rebellion.

Chapter 7 by Dan_K



If rebellion smelled like hairy armpits, dead mice and sadness, this place would most definitely smell of it.

The fires in the room were dim, but I could make out a few dozen men, women and children. They all stared at me thunderstruck.

"Amaryllis!" One husky looking man shouted. "Why have you brung a citizen down here, we have gone over this numerous times. Do not bring anyone down here, until we find a Purple it is too dangerous!"

"But father, she is a Purple!" Amaryllis gleamed. The faces of the people in the cave, once staring, now were open in shock. A silence fled the room for what felt like an eternity.

"I-I don't know wh-what to say, Amaryllis." the husky man said after a few minutes. He looked over to me. "You, where is your rock?" His eyes, orange with the reflection of the fires but shining with tears, stared at me. From my gray pocket, I protruded the small object that meant everything to the people in the cave.

"May I examine it?" The husky man asked, with tears streaming down his face.

I looked over at Amaryllis. She nodded. I placed my rock into the husky man's large, swollen hands. Scars lining his arms and legs, His scraggy beard was unorganized and dark brown. I wondered what this man had gone through. He smiled, as if I was a miracle come true.

He looked longingly, silent, at the rock for a few seconds, before raising it above him in his

outstretched hand.

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"Let this be our strength! In this world that the Sorting is a

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The entire congregation was standing up by now, most were weeping.

I looked over at Amaryllis, perplexed.

"Many years before you were born, my father (the husky man) tried to lead a rebellion against the Choice-Makers and the Sorting. He knew that it was rigged and was just there to stop progress and innovation in the kingdom. He showed clear evidence from many things that could see into the future that a neighboring kingdom, Tilbis, would attack them, and the only way to stop it was through destroying the Sorting. It cast spells against the kingdom everytime they held a Sorting ceremony and would render them defenseless and dead after even a small attack from Tiblis. But the Choice-Makers did not believe him, and said the only true future seeing device was the Purple Rock, and only a Purple could use it. My father knew that the Choice-Makers worked for Tilbis and wanted the attack to happen. A Purple is only named every few hundred years, and usually, they are supposed to be crowned king or queen and rule until their death. The sacrifice thing was just made up by them so you would not gain power about them. They sent out many assassins that killed many rebellion leaders, but my father and they people you see here, in this room, escaped. That is why we need you."

I stared at they people. Their ripped clothing. Their crying babies. Their growling stomachs, aching for food. Their faces pleading for mercy.

"Yes." I said, with all my strength, and all my courage, I said the words that changed my life forever.

Chapter 8 by Kendall



The tension in the room died down after numerous hand shakes, sweaty hugs, and slobbery cheek kisses. I have never felt more overwhelmed than this moment in all of my sixteen years.

My heart rate began to pace itself again as I caught sight of my new friend. Amaryllis waited in a dark corner for me to inch my way out of the mass of people. She was tall and lengthy, but not in an unattractive way. She was made of muscle, and with each curve of light, another scar was illuminated.

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"Done yet, numbnuts?" her voice was deep for that of a female, but it resined in my chest, and made me feel welcomed.

"What? Oh, um, yeah," I sheepishly looked back behind me and rubbed my neck.

Amaryllis smirked, locked onto my right arm with a firm grasp, and started for a dim opening in the cave.

She led the both of us away from the clamorous walls of the camp, and into the arid heat of the night. I had never seen nature like this before, it's unlike the well-kept streets of the city. Here, it seemed as though the trees and flowers were able to grow without the supressive hands of the City Keepers. Trees reached ungodly heights and I had to crane my neck to find the highest branch.

"They're beautiful right?" Amaryllis noticed my attempt to take it all in. "I know what you're thinking. I would spend nights out here just staring at the trees after my father got us out of the city."

"Us?" I didn't mean to pry, but the word intrigued me...

Something hitched in Amaryllis's throat as she realized what she had just revealed to me. She slowly faced her body toward mine. The blue-grey tint of the moon made her dark hair glossy and her scars look like ancient paintings.

"It used to be more than just my father and I. As the rebellion my father led began to get heated, the Choice-Makers sent in waves of soldiers to eliminate the threats. They began The Sweep by setting the shops in my district on fire, flushing out everyone inside."

I couldn't catch myself before I had interrupted her, "Your district?"

She swallowed down her objection and stared at me. Her olive green eyes pierced holes through my head, and a shiver crept down my spine.

"I came from the red distrid," her voice was soft and cautious, although, I would have thought of her as a dark blue.

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I watched her intently as she shifted her weight, making it look heavy and uncomfortable. I silently begged her to go on.

"Anyways," Amaryllis shifted her gaze from my sad soul to her boots and continued. "I had a mom. But she was herded into the labor fields with a bunch of other people. It was so chaotic... we hadn't noticed that she was missing until we heard the soldiers firing... She was executed with the rest of them."

My stomach fills with sand and wants to sink me into the ground. I remember when the Choice-Makers made public announcements about riots in the red district. They implemented a mass genocide, referred to as The Sweep, meant to clean everyone out of the rioting district, innocent or not. That was maybe seven months ago.

I open my mouth to offer a weak excuse of consolation, but she begins to speak in her low, thick voice.

"I had an older brother too. His name was Malik. I haven't seen him since the riots began. And that's why you're here," she spoke in choppy sentences, as if she was holding off on telling me something.

"He was a Purple too."

the end

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